





are? But Abolition died. And so will slavery. All the Pierces, Buchanans, Lincolns, Davises, McClellans and Hallecks in God's world, cannot save its life. Its life is already entangled in the branches of the oak, and some loyal-hearted Job will ere long pierce it through the heart. Pharaoh resisted God to his own destruction, and the people were freed. The Romans killed Crassus because he favored the cause of the oppressed, and Rome fell. "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him." Ktina, Minnesota. M. MEACHAM.

#### FREMONT AND McCLELLAN.

We have received a very ably written pamphlet, entitled "FREMONT AND McCLELLAN—THEIR POLITICAL AND MILITARY CAREERS REVIEWED—BY VAN BUREN DENSLAW," others for which are received at the office of Wynkoop, Hallenbeck & Thomas, New York. It concludes as follows:—

There are many other facts which deserve to be carefully and candidly collected and fully brought out relative to this disastrous Peninsular campaign, which daily will loom up more and more disastrously as its facts become stripped of the gloss with which it is the interest of some to conceal them. We leave them without comment.

We have no epithets—we have only sorrow for the reverses of those to whom the country entrusts the power to serve her cause and promote her glory. Nor is it so much the fault as the misfortune of McClellan that he has failed to be what a portion of the people, without any word or act on his part to justify the expectation, insisted upon mistaking him for, viz., an able man and a great General. We only trust that the people will take to themselves their full share of the blame for the giddy elevation to which they have raised him, and that their ultimate construction of his conduct will be as charitable as that of those who have felt it to be a duty which they owed to the country to place him in the position of honor and trust which he has so unworthily abused.

We have one remark, however, to make. If this rebellion could possibly be put down by conciliatory means, we believe General McClellan qualified to command our armies. We believe that those who have adhered to him in a partisan spirit are those who believe that the rebellion is to be put down by some other mode than fighting. We have conversed with his soldiers, and we know that the basis of much of their former confidence in him was the belief that he would achieve great results without loss of life. All these theories are radically false. Instead of accomplishing great results without loss of life, he has accomplished only defeat, at a tremendous sacrifice of life, and of every other element of success. We believe this rebellion will be put down by fighting, and kept down by a radical change in the feelings and aspirations of the ruling class of the South; that this change is not the result of individual conversions of those who constitute the ruling class, but is to be a change in the class that rules—by sending the class that now rules to the bottom of society, and by bringing the class now at the bottom to the top; by taking the sceptre from the one million of slaveholders, and giving it to the seven millions of "poor white trash," who now do their bidding; by so changing and remodeling the constitution of Southern society as to make it democratic instead of aristocratic—republican instead of monarchical—united instead of disintegrated, liberal instead of despotic—free instead of slave-rich instead of poor—educated instead of ignorant—civilized instead of barbarous—happy instead of miserable.

As the aspirations and feelings of the present ruling class of the South are for slavery, because it helps them to everything dear and valuable in life, as our aspirations are for freedom, because it brings to us everything dear and valuable in life, so will the affections of the present ruling class of the South be for the freedom to which they will have been indebted for everything dear to them, and necessarily to that Union which binds them to free States, free press, free speech, and free schools. This war can have but one of the two results. The South must be free, or her slaves must be free. Slavery is the only link which binds the South to the Union. Let not the task be entrusted to one who believes that amputation is murder. His hand will tremble and his heart will fail him. Let those great radically Democratic ideas, of the superiority of those institutions in which all men are free, for which this war on our part is waging, and not to a desecrated altar, be placed before the eyes of the South, and the perpetuity of negro bondage, with all its inevitable tendencies, to establish despotism over white as well as black, for which this war, on the part of the South, is being waged, but which, by the very act of entering upon this war, the North has logically cast to the winds. Yes, let it be entrusted to that man to whom every constituent of the present Administration looks with a peculiar affection, which it is not given to any man in the nation to rival or destroy; who has in every trial been not a rarely true to the idea of freedom, but a pioneer in its path; before whom (we quote from the *Washington Statesman*) "the rebels have run faster and further, during this war, than before any other General"; who, at the battle of Cross Keys, at the head of 10,000 men, defeated Stonewall Jackson, the ablest General of the rebels, at the head of 28,000, and drove him out of the Shenandoah Valley; and who stands to-day not the first military hero in the history of our country, but the first in the history of our Republic, with a sweet compensation in the discriminating and criticizing, but intelligent and affectionate regard of almost the whole people of that North which is to be henceforth the country. We do not suppose there is a man in the country who believes that Fremont, with 155,000 men, could have failed to capture Richmond, defended by 91,000. It is not eulogy, but history, to say that while Fremont has always acted with less means at his command than any other General considered it possible for him to succeed with, he has always been successful in pleasing red-tapists and slow-coaches, and has often been brilliant in his military achievements; while McClellan, with greater means at his command than Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, or Wellington, has yet to win his first success; has lost more men and means in his disasters than they in their victories; and whose comparison, has sacrificed twice as many men as Fremont has ever commanded. Presidents and administrations may pass away; but the principle of freedom, with which the name of Fremont is associated, will endure forever. He that has been crucified with it shall reign with it. Some have embarked into this war, and many have remained at home, to thwart and oppose it, under the fixed determination that, whatever else shall come of it, it shall not free the slaves. The tyrannical edicts of such pro-slavery men as Halleck and Butler show that the alternative is to enslave the masters; and it becomes us to consider whether it is less practicable to free four millions of black slaves than to reduce to political slavery eight millions of white freemen—for we have no evidence that, until Southern institutions are homogeneous with our own, the Southern people will, unless compelled by military coercion, remain in union with us. From this blind, illogical, and therefore temporary influence, the American people are soon to emerge, and when they do, and, as a corollary, the military events of this war, shall be viewed with sound judgment, instead of party prejudice, it will appear that, in deep vision and forecast of the future—in energetic and able adaptation of means to ends—in the promptness of the hour of victory over traitors in the field, and fortitude under defeat inflicted by "patriots with rebel sympathies" at home—in skillful performance of every duty to which he has been called—and, above all, in that pioneer forecast which makes those who have succeeded but followers in his path, and those who have failed opponents of his plans—one name stands pre-eminent—it is that of John C. Fremont; and we believe that the people of the North will yet rise in their might, and demand that Fremont, the most experienced and energetic officer in the service, and the senior in rank, be placed where he deserves to be, and where the interests of his country in this fearful crisis require that he should be—at the head of the American armies. Yet, though still kept back—though he be required to do penance for his victories, while others are promoted for their disasters—yet, when the smoke and clouds of the combat shall have cleared away, his star shall shine forth as the morning star of regenerated American Freedom, and his fame shall be that of the pioneer in that reformed Republican policy which shall have given to the world a restored American Union.

#### OUR SITUATION.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

After more than sixteen months of war, it may be said that we are apparently no nearer to our end than at the beginning.

The successes of our armies in the West are frittered away and lost. Kentucky was never so much unsettled as now. Tennessee swarms with guerrillas. Our army there seems like a great man in a summer night fighting off mosquitoes, so that it may be permitted to rest. We have failed to open the Mississippi. Vicksburg ties a knot in that stream which we cannot untie. To hold the upper waters and the lower is of little use, if we cannot pass from one to the other. New Orleans is dead. Our little army sits in the door of a sepulchre watching the dust and bones of past prophecies. We have a lodgment upon the coast at Beaufort and at Newber, but they have about the same relative importance to the Southern territory that a wasp's nest on a castle door does to the whole fortress.

We have still less in Virginia. We have no more than a handful of men to penetrate that State. We have been ignominiously driven back from the approach by James River. We have been, with even greater celerity, driven back from Central Virginia. We have been driven out of the Shenandoah Valley. From Fortress Monroe to the Alleghenies, the Southern army holds, or may without hindrance take, the whole line of the Potomac, with the exception of the District of Columbia. And now, after a year and a half of war, a high-spirited and proud people are compelled every morning to read the speculations and probabilities of the *safety of Washington*. At this rate, how long will it be before Richmond is in danger?

We have been as unfortunate in our generalship as in all the rest. Our armies have been under the control of men, doubtless, of technical military knowledge. But, with a few honorable exceptions, they have been men without comprehension, quickness, or practical skill. They know how to organize armies in camp; but they do not know what to do with them in the field. They have succeeded in introducing an original idea in warfare. Hitherto, war was conducted for the sake of some great public gain, and battle was the means of damaging the enemy. But the daily assurance that "our army is safe," leads one to suppose that to be the chief end of war.

Military intuition has been deemed an unparadigmatic fault. Fremont, above any man in the American army, has a natural military genius. He saw the key of the whole campaign. He saw that Slavery was the great strength or ruinous weakness to the South. It was the key of the whole conflict. For that mastery intuition he was set aside. For that ruinous floundering through murderous months, the Administration has got to accept this fact, or suffer dismemberment of the Union! The blood of a thousand men a day is a dear price to pay for that wisdom which offered itself without money and without price! Somebody will wade deep in blood on the Judgment Day!

It has been the misfortune of our Generals to be matched against men who have shown remarkable military skill. In resource, in the power of rapid action, in combination, in admirable handling of their men in the field, our Generals have been out-manned in humiliating contrast with those of the rebels—Johnston, Lee, Jackson, over against McClellan, McDowell, Pope! With more men, better armed and appointed than the enemy, the Virginia campaign has been a prolonged and comprehensive defeat.

Nay; the campaign has changed. We are no longer subduing the South. The South is chastising the North! They have poured their armies into Maryland, and our soldiers, for the first time, have been obliged to turn their faces northward to meet their enemy! We are, to be sure, repulsed from the Potomac, and our army is now going to do. We have been fed on too much of that food already. We shall wait to see what they have done.

The contrast of the civil administration, North and South, will give food for reflection. It is said that the Administration have had extraordinary good luck. Slavery is the only link which binds the South to the Union. Let not the task be entrusted to one who believes that amputation is murder. His hand will tremble and his heart will fail him. Let those great radically Democratic ideas, of the superiority of those institutions in which all men are free, for which this war on our part is waging, and not to a desecrated altar, be placed before the eyes of the South, and the perpetuity of negro bondage, with all its inevitable tendencies, to establish despotism over white as well as black, for which this war, on the part of the South, is being waged, but which, by the very act of entering upon this war, the North has logically cast to the winds. Yes, let it be entrusted to that man to whom every constituent of the present Administration looks with a peculiar affection, which it is not given to any man in the nation to rival or destroy; who has in every trial been not a rarely true to the idea of freedom, but a pioneer in its path; before whom (we quote from the *Washington Statesman*) "the rebels have run faster and further, during this war, than before any other General"; who, at the battle of Cross Keys, at the head of 10,000 men, defeated Stonewall Jackson, the ablest General of the rebels, at the head of 28,000, and drove him out of the Shenandoah Valley; and who stands to-day not the first military hero in the history of our country, but the first in the history of our Republic, with a sweet compensation in the discriminating and criticizing, but intelligent and affectionate regard of almost the whole people of that North which is to be henceforth the country. We do not suppose there is a man in the country who believes that Fremont, with 155,000 men, could have failed to capture Richmond, defended by 91,000. It is not eulogy, but history, to say that while Fremont has always acted with less means at his command than any other General considered it possible for him to succeed with, he has always been successful in pleasing red-tapists and slow-coaches, and has often been brilliant in his military achievements; while McClellan, with greater means at his command than Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, or Wellington, has yet to win his first success; has lost more men and means in his disasters than they in their victories; and whose comparison, has sacrificed twice as many men as Fremont has ever commanded. Presidents and administrations may pass away; but the principle of freedom, with which the name of Fremont is associated, will endure forever. He that has been crucified with it shall reign with it. Some have embarked into this war, and many have remained at home, to thwart and oppose it, under the fixed determination that, whatever else shall come of it, it shall not free the slaves. The tyrannical edicts of such pro-slavery men as Halleck and Butler show that the alternative is to enslave the masters; and it becomes us to consider whether it is less practicable to free four millions of black slaves than to reduce to political slavery eight millions of white freemen—for we have no evidence that, until Southern institutions are homogeneous with our own, the Southern people will, unless compelled by military coercion, remain in union with us. From this blind, illogical, and therefore temporary influence, the American people are soon to emerge, and when they do, and, as a corollary, the military events of this war, shall be viewed with sound judgment, instead of party prejudice, it will appear that, in deep vision and forecast of the future—in energetic and able adaptation of means to ends—in the promptness of the hour of victory over traitors in the field, and fortitude under defeat inflicted by "patriots with rebel sympathies" at home—in skillful performance of every duty to which he has been called—and, above all, in that pioneer forecast which makes those who have succeeded but followers in his path, and those who have failed opponents of his plans—one name stands pre-eminent—it is that of John C. Fremont; and we believe that the people of the North will yet rise in their might, and demand that Fremont, the most experienced and energetic officer in the service, and the senior in rank, be placed where he deserves to be, and where the interests of his country in this fearful crisis require that he should be—at the head of the American armies. Yet, though still kept back—though he be required to do penance for his victories, while others are promoted for their disasters—yet, when the smoke and clouds of the combat shall have cleared away, his star shall shine forth as the morning star of regenerated American Freedom, and his fame shall be that of the pioneer in that reformed Republican policy which shall have given to the world a restored American Union.

And yet, can any impartial man doubt, if the relative difficulties and discouragements be considered, which side has shown the greatest skill in civil administration? In view of this whole matter, it is painfully true that the free States of the North have failed utterly, thus far, through the weakness of their government, to produce a moral impression upon the mind in favor of liberty. The conduct of affairs, thus far, is obliging world to say, that ten slave States, with eight millions of slaves, and more than a match for twenty free States, with twenty millions of people! We have civilization, wealth, numbers, material, intelligence, moral prestige, and liberty on our side. They have slavery, barbarism, ignorance, and relative poverty. We cannot even go to that that is a drawn game! At present, the North is beaten.

Yet, does any man believe that this is a fair adjustment of the relative power of these two great social developments? Does anybody doubt that had Wellington, or Napoleon, or Scott, or Louis Napoleon, or Cavour, or any man of civil and military genius, had the reins of government, such a result would have followed?

It is a supreme and extraordinary want of executive administrative talent at the head of Government that is bringing us to humiliation, and setting this great nation up as a false witness against liberty and Christian civilization! But, there is a country as well as a President. There is a cause as well as an Administration. Every prudent man foresees the utter exhaustion of the country, if we have one more such year as the last. Yet, we have the same Cabinet, the same floating expedients, the same reactionary Generals. It is notorious that the Generals who control the military affairs of the army are pro-slavery in their beliefs and sympathies. One drop of poison is a match for the health of a whole body full of good blood!

The South is jubilant. It is the North that desponds. They have leaders who know how to control difficulties; to coerce unity among heterogeneous materials. There is will in the chair at Richmond. There is will in the saddle beyond the Potomac. Oh that slavery was as poorly served as liberty is!

Richmond determines, Washington reasons. Richmond is indeflexible, Washington vacillates. Richmond knows what it wants to do, Washington wishes that it knew. Richmond loves slavery, and hates liberty; Washington is somewhat partial to liberty, and rather dislikes slavery. Rebellion is wise and sinful; Government is foolish.

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## The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1862.

#### DRAFTING—THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

The probability in some sections of the country, and the certainty in others, that, in order to meet the requirements of the government, it will be necessary to resort to drafting, makes it a matter of serious concern to Non-Resistant and Abolitionists to determine in what manner they shall act, in case the lot be drafted fall upon them. As our opinion has been frequently asked in private, we venture to offer a few considerations upon the subject in our editorial capacity, without assuming or wishing to bring any one to any other conclusion than that to which we may arrive by his own conscientious convictions.

First, as to Non-Resistants. There are comparatively few who claim to be such, though there are many who profess to be the friends of peace, after the manner of the Quakers. The difference between the Non-Resistant and the Peace man is this—that, while the former are self-disciplined, for conscience sake, because of the war principles and provisions contained in the Constitution of the United States, and therefore take no part in creating or sanctioning the government; the latter have no scruples in voting at the polls to maintain "the Constitution as it is," or in occupying any places of trust or emolument under it. Hence, if any are to be exempted from drafting, on account of their religious scruples, the Non-Resistant present the strongest claims. In some States, we believe, only the Quakers are free from all military liabilities, in consequence of their peace principles; but this is conceding to a sect what belongs to conscience, irrespective of sect, and so is manifestly unjust. For he who believes in total abstinence from war, as a Christian duty, though a member of no religious body, ought to have the same toleration as though he wore a Quaker dress and belonged to a Quaker society. We conceive that the government will be fully warranted in refusing to exempt any from military duty, as a matter of conscience, who have no conscientious objection to exercising the elective franchise; for whoever voted at the last Presidential election, whether for Abraham Lincoln or any other candidate, required of him the following oath or affirmation:—

"I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

He also imposed the following duty upon the President:—

"The President shall be commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several States, when called into the actual service of the United States."

So, in voting for Congressional Senator or Representative, he inscribed upon his ballot the following grant of power:—

"Congress shall have power to declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water; to provide and maintain a navy; to make rules for the government and discipline of the land and naval forces; to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasions; to provide for organizing, arming and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the States respectively the appointment of the officers, and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress."

Now, as an apostle pertinently inquired in his own day, "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?"—so, we say that he who votes to empower Congress to declare war, and to provide the necessary instruments of war, and to constitute a President, who will call upon him to provide and maintain a navy; to make rules for the government and discipline of the land and naval forces; to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasions; to provide for organizing, arming and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the States respectively the appointment of the officers, and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by Congress. He cannot be allowed to strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel; to play fast and loose with his conscience; to make the amplest provisions for war, and then beg to be excused from his dangers and hardships in deference to his peace sentiments. The government has a right to apply this test, and the voter has no right to complain when it is rigidly enforced in his own case.

But we submit to all the people, that such as wholly abstain from voting to uphold the Constitution because of its war provisions, and thus religiously exclude themselves from all share in what are deemed official honors and emoluments, ought not to be drafted in time of war, or compelled to pay an equivalent, or to go to prison for disobedience. If conscience is to be respected and provided for in any case, it is in theirs.

We know of no law, however, for their exemption; and, therefore, some of them may be drafted, and put to a trial of their faith. In that case, let them possess their souls in patience and serenity, and meet without any outcry, "as though some strange thing had happened unto them," whatever penalty may follow their non-compliance with the draft. There is no loss, but great gain, in suffering for righteousness' sake. They surely knew the liabilities to which they subjected themselves, when they gave in their adhesion to the principles of Non-Resistance; and they will not try to shirk the cross when it is presented, but rejoice that they are counted worthy to bear it. One thing they can and should do, in order to prevent any misconceptions as to their feelings and views in relation to the conduct of those who have risen up in rebellion; and that is, denounce it as horribly perfidious, and as having for its object the overthrow of every safeguard of popular liberty, and register their testimony that the government has exercised no injustice towards the South, nor given any occasion for such a treacherous outbreak. Thus defining their position, it will be seen by the nation that they are acting in a manner as just and discriminating toward the government, as it is upright and conscientious on their part.

It can hardly be asked by any Non-Resistant, "How, if drafted, about hiring a substitute?" because what we do by another as our agent or representative, we do ourselves. To hire a substitute, as a matter of principle, precisely the same as to go to the battlefield in person.

"But if the alternative be, to pay a stipulated sum to the government, or else be imprisoned or shot, may we pay the fine?" That is a matter for the individual conscience to decide. Speaking personally, we see no violation of Non-Resistance principles in paying the money; because it is a choice presented between different forms of suffering, and, "other things being equal," it will be natural to wish to avoid as much of it as the case will admit. Thus, a highwayman, placing his pistol to our head, demands in our helplessness, "Your money, or your life!" To part with the money is certainly more reasonable than to part with life; nor, in yielding it, do we give any sanction to the demand. But if the highwayman should say, "Your money, and an acknowledgment of my right to extort it, or your life," then there would be no alternative but to die, or else prove recalcitrant to truth and honesty.

"But," it may be said, "though I should refuse to hire a substitute, yet, if I pay the price demanded, will not the government take the money, and apply it for that purpose? And is there any essential moral difference here?" We think there is. In hiring a substitute yourself, you actively sustain the war, and become an armed participant in it, and so violate the principles which you profess to revere. In paying a tax, you passively submit to the exaction, which, in itself, commits no violence upon the holder, but is only a transfer of so much property to other hands. If, then, the government shall proceed to apply it to war purposes, the responsibility will rest with the government, not with you. This is the light in which we regard it; still, we offer no other suggestion than—"let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind." We shall honor none the less him who may feel it his duty to take the most afflicting alternative, as the most effectual method to meet the issue before the community. Of that he must be the judge; and especially must he be sure to count the cost and act intelligently.

What ought Abolitionists (who are not precluded by peace principles from fighting) to do, in case of a draft, we shall consider in our next paper.

#### COLONIZATION OF THE BLACKS.

It is stated that Government has completed the arrangements for the settlement of free colored persons in Central America, the precise place depending upon circumstances. Senator Pomeroy, who will conduct the expedition, has full powers in the premises. It will start early in October, in a first-class steamer, and will be accompanied by a large number of men provided with implements of husbandry,







## Poetry.

## A WORD FOR THE PRESENT.

BY ALMIRA SKYMOUL.

When shall mankind its living prophets know?  
Not toils, alone, but temples, build below—  
Accept the inspirations as they roll  
From lips touched by the altar's glowing coal.  
And own I AM has message for to-day,  
Not less than for the ages passed away!

"Hail thee but known in this, thy day"—he said,  
Who the dark future of this nation read—  
"But now, alas! 'tis hidden from thine eyes,  
Till rule's rayless night lowers in thy skies;  
Hidden because thine eyes refused to see,  
Hidden because thine ears refused to hear."  
How through the centuries' signs did patriot wait  
From one who knew his mission could not fail,  
But yearned to see his country lead God's van,  
By merging selfish laws in love of man!

Land of brave warriors and of hardy sires,  
Be thy doom the saving power of mine!  
From the first chosen may the latest learn  
How fatal 'tis Eternal Truth to spurn;  
Learn, ere too late, what all time's teachings give—  
Only by justice can a nation live.

"Give us Barabas, and away with him!"  
Shouted the rabble in the twilight dim;  
Crime stalked abroad, without condition free,  
And God's own Son was hanged upon the tree!  
In our faint hearts poor Pilate questions still—  
The clamorous Present, or the Eternal will?  
These rebel passions we must gently quell,  
Further to rouse their fury is not well;  
'Tis early morning—ere the close of day  
Truth may be ransomed in some easy way;  
Truth, ere the close of day, to heaven has fled,  
And midnight darkness o'er its warning is spread.

Now! says Jehovah's warning, awful voice—  
This hour, my people, make your solemn choice!  
There stands Barabas—ah! ye know him well!  
All shames and crimes his hideous visage swell;  
Choose him, this morning barbas rage may cease—  
Farewell, forever, to a nation's peace!  
There stands the just one, firm in his meek might,  
While hordes of evil laden at the sight;  
Make him your choice—the tumult forever grows,  
Raging withal with desperate, dying throes;  
But vainly now, your power it will defy—  
Jehovah, Infinite, is your ally!  
To one will hold the contest is confined—  
The righteous treaty by God's hand is signed!  
A newborn nation leads the great world's van,  
And through our sufferings we have ransomed man!  
My Countrymen! the prophet speaks to-day!  
Turn not, O, turn not from the call away!

From the American Baptist.

## FOR WHAT ARE WE COMING?

BY MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

"We're coming, we're coming"; the call has been heard;  
With the poet's response our bosoms have stirred.  
We've left our companions, our loved ones at home,  
For what? "Father Abraham," for what have we come?  
Our country's in danger! the cry has gone forth,  
From the East to the West, the South to the North;  
And promptly responding, our brothers and sisters  
Have poured out their life-blood to another its fires.  
To smother its fires—and leave the dark stain,  
The root of the Utopia, its woe and pain,  
Where the poor bleeding slave, still quivering in death,  
Neath the lash of his master must yield up his breath!  
Hark! hark! "Father Abraham"; from Washington's  
hark!  
The Angel of Mercy is pleading to save  
These sorrowing captives. Their prayers are on high,  
And God, in his mercy, will yet hear their cry.  
Then speak, "Father Abraham," by our word proclaim!  
'Twill lift from our country its curse and its shame!  
I scribble on my banners, ere vengeance shall fall,  
Our motto forever is, "Freedom for All!"  
Ah! then will Jehovah appear for the right,  
Our foes to subdue and crush by his might;  
Each Star reinstated in grandeur sublime;  
Our Flag, long insulted, with glory will shine.

From the Congregationalist.

## HELP FROM THE COTTON FIELDS.

We have waited, Uncle Abraham, as our fathers by the sea,  
When the Lord went forth with Moses, to set his people  
free;  
We are waiting for the watchword, but the time seems very  
long;  
We can raise you up an army ten hundred thousand strong.  
We hear that you are coming to sell us far away,  
But in our hearts we're trusting it is not as yet;  
We see your brave ones falling, we hear the cannon's roar,  
But we would like to join you, ten hundred thousand more.  
We hear your bugles playing, and the drummers' rattling  
rolls,  
Our hearts beat with the music so thrilling to our souls;  
We see your banners flying—your army march along,  
And we would like to join you, ten hundred thousand strong.  
We are waiting, Uncle Abraham, for you to say the word;  
We'll help you in the contest—this battle for the Lord;  
From canebroke, field and forest, we'll come, a mighty  
throng,  
We'll help you save the nation, ten hundred thousand  
strong.  
Our brothers at Port Royal are forming into line,  
We see their bayonets glisten, their eagles brightly shine;  
We'll fight till death for Freedom, for Right instead  
of Wrong,  
We are waiting, Uncle Abraham—ten hundred thousand  
strong.  
Malden, July 28, 1862. C. C. CURRIE.

From the American Baptist.

## WATCHMEN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Oh tell us, ye watchmen, the signs of the night,  
What cause of man's sorrow delayeth the light?  
Does the day-star of peace yet appear on the hill,  
Or is the dark future unpeaked still?  
They told us rebellion was thrown from the track,  
The arms of our soldiers had broken its back;  
The pressure of our nation was bringing to bear,  
Indirectly, was killing the beast in his lair.  
But the wall that arises all over our land,  
From thousands of victims bereft by his hand,  
Shows a strength of vitality which it were well  
To consider, while striving the monster to quell.  
Mistake not the head of the beast for its tail;  
Rebellion will live until slavery fall;  
Nor can we expect of great conquests to tell,  
Till we aim at his powder our hot shot and shell.  
Oh tell us, ye watchmen who stand on the wall,  
To whose voices we listen whenever ye call,  
And speak to our nation in words that are plain,  
Give a sound to the trumpet we all can explain!  
Oh tell us what sins we are eluding to still,  
What greed, selfish avarice has coffers to fill;  
Does the loving of aches—the cry of the slave—  
Show the victim alive God refuses to save?  
We are weary, O watchmen, of fighting with God;  
Though kind his chastisements, yet fearful his rod.  
Oh listen, ye great ones, who stand in the path,  
Nor suffer our nation to die from his wrath!

## THANKS.

For the dear love that kept us through the night,  
And gave our senses to Sleep's gentle sway;  
For the new miracle of dawning light  
Flushing the East with prophetic Day,  
We thank Thee, Oh our God!  
For the fresh life that through our being flows  
With its full tide, to strengthen and to bless;  
For calm, sweet thoughts, upspringing from repose,  
To hear to Thee their song of thankfulness,  
We praise Thee, Oh our God!

## The Liberator.

## SLAVERY AND ITS CHARACTERISTICS.

No. II.

BY JOSEPH F. BRENNAN, OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

In the Slave States, manual labor is considered menial and degrading; it is the business of slaves. The slaves themselves have no respect for the man or woman who performs the labor they are accustomed to perform, and few white people, after a short residence in a Slave State, have the nerve to incur the contempt of a slave. In the Free States, the majority of the people work with their hands, counting it not a degradation or reproach, but a duty and a dignity. Thus in Boston, the richest city for the number of its population in America, out of 22,000 families, in 1860, but 6,000 kept a servant, and only 1,300 had more than one servant to perform their household labor. In the matter of freedom is involved the great point of difference in a Slave State between labor and independence. Where it is a social disgrace to work, men of spirit will not work. So the high-minded freemen are continually getting worse off by reason of their idleness, and either make desperate attempts to enter the professions or emigrate to the new Free States, where labor is not degradation; not, however, as the enterprising New Englander, seeking more room for his expansive ideas, but because his condition is a reproach to him.

Most of the work of a productive character in the Slave States is therefore done by slaves. But as the slave has no stimulus to labor, the natural instinct of production is materially checked. The master has the desires which consume, the slave only the hand that earns. He labors not for himself, but for another, who continually wrongs him. His aim, therefore, is to do the least he can avoid punishment by doing. He will practice little economy, no thrift. The master cannot force him to think or contrive; he therefore does neither. He only gives what the master can force from him, and he cannot conceal. There is no invention in the slave; in fact, there is scarcely any among the masters, for their business is to act on men, not directly on things. This circumstance unfits the slaveholder for the great operations of productive industry. All labor-saving contrivances are produced in the Free States. The proportion of patents granted to inventors in the Slave States, up to the present time, compared with those granted to inventors in the Free States, ranks as one to eighty. The State of New York alone has received more than three times as many patents as all the Slave States. In the North, the free man acts directly upon things by his own will; in the South, only through men reduced to the rank of things, and these things then act on material objects, without pleasure in their labor. Here it will be perceived the immense disparity in the results. The slave can only be employed to advantage in the culture of the earth. It was the same in Italy two thousand years ago. He produces the coarse products, such as cotton, corn, rice, tobacco, and the sugar cane. His rude and ignorant culture impoverishes the soil, kills the land. He knows nothing of the component parts of a fertile earth. With such labor, in a few years, the land becomes barren, and the slaveholder believes he must seek new land, virgin soil, which in a few years is in its turn by the culture of the ignorant slave ruined, and has to be deserted. Nothing less than a semi-nomadic life is the natural result of those who remain exclusively slave labor. The patriarchal institution requires the patriarchal style of living, now and always practiced by the uncivilized nomadic peoples, and as a consequence, labor-saving tools and machinery are almost unknown. The hoe and plough, the latter but a degree or two superior to that of Virgil, two thousand years ago, are to-day the principal tools employed in Southern fields, where slaves in squads and companies cultivate the land. The soil is never entered beyond the depth of from four to six inches for purposes of cultivation. In Massachusetts, a slaveholder might own nearly all the land between Worcester and Plymouth, east of the Old Colony Railroad, and with such cultivation as he bestows upon his land in the South, he would in a few years starve. Slavery, as a system of labor, discourages the immigration of poor but able-bodied men from the Free States. The slaveholder, if you ask him the reason of this, will tell you they cannot stand the climate, but this is false. He and his class dread, rather, the influence of the society of such men upon their slaves, and therefore they discourage their immigration thither. In the Free States, the proprietor of machinery or land has to buy only labor; in the Slave States, he must buy not only machinery or land, but likewise laborers. This is what hinders the advancement of manufactures in the Slave States. At Lowell or Lawrence, the manufacturer builds his mill, buys his cotton, and, reserving a sufficient sum for his floating capital, he hires five hundred men and women to work his machinery, paying them from week to week for their labor. In Virginia or South Carolina, he must buy all, not only mill, cotton, and machinery, but operatives also. Putting these five hundred operatives as slaves at but \$800 each, there are \$200,000 more necessary to start a cotton mill in Virginia than is required to start one in Massachusetts. This additional sum is needed before a wheel can turn; consequently, the wheels don't turn in Slave States. Once in a while, a Southern Convention will make a convulsive effort to organize operations in the manufacturing way in the Slave States, but nothing is produced by them but talk. At such meetings, it is generally proven to a demonstration that no finer water powers are to be found in the world than in the South, no finer harbors; and as for the raw material, it is not raised by every planter at the very doors of the capitalists? But they ignore the fact that it is man power and woman power—the power of intelligent free men, energetic free women—that is needed to make a cotton or woolen factory a paying concern.

In a community of free labor, each laborer stimulates the other. The farmer not only consumes a portion of what he produces himself, but also a portion of every necessary and some of the luxuries produced by his neighbors, either on the ground or brought from other countries—tea, coffee, sugar, rice, molasses, salt, spices, cotton and woolen goods, shoes, hats, hardware, tinware and cutlery, crockery and glassware, clocks, jewelry, books, paper, agricultural implements and the like. His wants stimulate the mechanic and the merchant, while theirs in return stimulate him. All grow up together, all prosper together, each having a market at home, and a community of interest in each other. Industry, activity, intelligence and comfort are the result, and labor of all kinds is respected. In a slaveholding and slave-populated State, the reverse of all this takes place. The Southern planter purchases nothing for his slaves except coarse cotton cloth, called jeans, to clothe them, negro brogans for their feet, and pork and corn to feed them. "Hog and hominy" are the staple provender of slaves—the only food provided by the masters. Twenty dollars a year are considered adequate for the support of an able-bodied field hand. Except it be the producers of corn and hogs, negro brogans, and the article called "jeans," no one is benefitted by the consumption of the slave population. Indeed, a slaveholder prides himself upon being independent of the world for his supplies. Enumerating the slave population at 2,500,000, who are thus provided for as consumers of twenty dollars' worth a year each, outside of what they grow on the plantations, and we have fifty millions of dollars a year to cover the total consumption. How will that compare with the consumption of a free population? In 1860, the 1,800,000 inhabitants of Massachusetts consumed one hundred and twenty millions of dollars' worth, or seventy millions of dollars' worth more than the whole laboring slave population of the Southern States combined. But comparison is not to be tolerated in such a connection.

In the Free States, the free man comes directly in contact with the material things which he wishes to convert to his purpose. To shorten his labor, he makes his head serve his hands. He thinks, he contrives, he invents machines. His productive capacity is extended an hundred fold by his use of wind, water, steam. Such extension is a solid gain, not only to himself, but to all mankind. While South Carolina enslaves men, Massachusetts enslaves the elements of nature. New England has kidnapped the Merrimack, the Connecticut, the Androscoggin, the Kennebec, the Penobscot, and a hundred smaller streams. She has seized fire and water, and bound them with an iron yoke, making with them an army, a nation, of powerful but plant workers. The patriarchal institution of slavery represents the 19th century before Christ; the economic institution of machinery represents the 19th century after Christ. The law of the former discourages progress; the law of the latter invites progress. In their results, they are thirty-eight centuries apart. From a review of the results of the former, it is delightful to turn to those of the latter. The object of the economic institutions of the 19th century is the good of mankind, in a sense which the mass of mankind always have understood and always will understand the word good. It has lengthened life by reducing the drain upon its vitality. It has extinguished many virulent diseases. It has increased the fertility of the soil. It has given new securities to the mariner. It has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of forms unknown to our fathers of the earlier age. It has conducted the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth. It has lighted up the night with the splendor of the day. It has extended the range of human vision. It has multiplied the power of human muscles. It has accelerated motion. It has annihilated distance. It has increased correspondence, all friendly offices, all dispatch of business. It has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land in cars which rush along without horses, and the ocean in ships which sail against the wind. These are but a part of its fruits, and its first fruit; for it is an institution that never rests. Its law is progress. The point that was invisible yesterday is its goal to-day, and will be its starting-point to-morrow.

I will not dwell further upon this branch of my subject, nor even touch on the vast difference in the internal improvements and value of the land and property in Slave and Free States. These differences, as well as the difference in population in proportion to relative territory, are known to all. The effects of slavery on education will next engage our attention.

[Translated for the Liberator from the Pioneer of Sept. 10.]

## JEFF. DAVIS TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I must confess to you, that I have indeed always placed the greatest confidence in you, and, from the beginning of the insurrection, built my chief hopes upon you; but, of late, you have justified my confidence in such a way that I should be the most ungrateful man in the world, if I did not communicate to you my feelings, at least by a friendly sign. Your election was my elevation; your government was my preservation; and your safety will be my future.

Formerly, when I did not know you intimately, your unassuming way made me rather depreciate you. Your words, as well as your acts, since then, have made you invaluable to me. Even as a writer, you have surprised me by productions which I had never given you credit for. Who but you could have written the inimitable letter to Abolitionist Greeley, and the still more original address to the negro committee? In the last-named document, there courses a humorous vein, which betrays wholly unlooked-for qualifications. I have not for a long time read any thing more happy than the advice with which you banish the black devils to the coast pits of Central America; but, at the same time, I did not mistake the earnest meaning in the comic dress. Yes, I may say to you, it has already done its work. The slaves who learn that the ruler of the North, to whom they beatifiedly looked as their liberator, knows no better fate for them than making coal graves for themselves under the equator, have for ever abandoned the idea of running away from or rising against us.

I mention your written performances, however, merely to show you that I sight none of your services. But words would fail me if I attempted to give due prominence to all the services which you have rendered my native land by your policy and your deeds. Much as I esteemed Buchanan, if I could set him in your place, I would not do it at any price. This simple expression of my regard says more to you than the most excessive emphasis could convey.

The very first acts of your administration revealed to me that you were a true statesman. The true statesman is characterized, above all, by sturdy adherence to the past. The past is a sure thing, an accumulated fact, and therefore a firm foundation; the future is a fog-streak, ranged by airy ideas, and has no basis; it is selective to enthusiasts and revolutionists. The statesman looks behind him, and steers calmly, with averted face, towards coming events. If he has the compass of the past before his eyes. Of the *isms* which rule the world, the statesman prizes but one—conservatism; and of new acquisitions, only two have value for him—power and money. He is complete, if he knows how to appropriate to himself that dullness which is imperative to all enticements of honor and freedom, principles and humanity, which enthusiasts reckon chief among their so-called ideas. Nor should the statesman even be concerned with the understanding; for since the world, whose maintenance is the problem of statesmanship, is destitute of it, the understanding must necessarily be revolutionary, if allowed to enter into the administration. Had you suffered yourself to be afflicted with understanding, I should have been lost as much as if you had been accessible to honor and freedom. And what would have been the consequence? Revolution!

This assertion may seem strange in the mouth of a man who is called a rebel against his rightful government. But it will not have escaped you that your party alone exhibits revolution, while I represent the proper conservatism which has merely been compelled to restore to the past her well-earned rights, and to secure their organic future development by opposing revolution. When that work is accomplished, you as well as I will be called by our right names, and a grateful world will bless your benevolent, conservative statesmanship. Your merit will be the greater, the more arduous your task—that, namely, of helping me to dominion, while fighting me; of employing your superior power as Commander-in-Chief for the support of my weakness; and of swearing me a brother, while seeking to annihilate me as a foe; and all that without damaging your "honorability."

If I had any instructions to communicate to you, perhaps they could run somehow thus—  
"Make a banker Secretary of War, or, if you cannot find one, take a lawyer."

"Make no preparations till I have made mine."  
"Do not try to secure important points till I have captured them, nor to obtain decisive positions till I hold them, nor to remove stores till I have logged them off."

"Everywhere put Generals at the head who have most sympathy for me; and where this sympathy is wanting, it must be supplied by stupidity and incapacity."

"Should you unfortunately gain a victory, be careful to retrieve it as soon as possible by a defeat."

"Never oppose corruption, for virtue is revolutionary."

"If you have a General suspected of treason, promote him, that he may not waste his talent on trifles; and if he is incapable, give him the best troops, that what he sends under the ground may be worth his trouble."

"Of course, protect the 'traitors' at the North, and do not disturb their secret organization; so that when the time of my visit calls for me that way, I may not lack the acclamation and support of 'the people.'"

## THE LIBERATOR.

"Be nowhere consistent—except in your efforts for the chief end—that everything may remain paralyzed by uncertainty and anxiety; only on one point be true to yourself—nowhere permit the interests of slavery to be earnestly asserted, or the anti-slavery spirit to enter the army. Remove every General who has abolition sympathies; and if you cannot universally order the rendition of fugitive slaves, at least you will punish no officer who prosecutes the business in spite of the laws."

"Aim to squander as much blood and treasure as possible without doing us special harm, that the people of the North may become thoroughly exhausted, and disposed by faintness and despair to consent to my plans, as soon as the moment has arrived for their execution. Suffer, too, your ministers without freedom to interfere with personal security and the freedom of the press, that your countrymen may be somewhat accustomed, when they fall under my government."

Nearly in this wise, my esteemed colleague, would I instruct you, if I were authorized to, and deemed it necessary. But, as it is, I modestly leave everything to your own discretion; for, as before said, my confidence in you is unlimited. To give you a still further proof of this, I will reveal to you my whole plan.

Since your Generals, who you know how to select so appropriately, have opened for me the way to Washington, the mob believes that my next step is the possession of your capital. The tools think I am endeavoring to destroy my own residence, and prematurely to remove my best friend from the management of my possessions. I shall seek to take, and, if necessary, annihilate Washington, only when I despair of accomplishing my other plans. These are, at present,—by gaining the Border States, and a firm hold in a couple of Northern States, and the isolation of Washington,—to prove the opposition of Northern revolutionists to my undertaking unprofitable, and to enchain the sympathies of my Northern friends. Then first, when this has come to pass, will I enter my capital as a victor, and (of course) with the olive branch in my hand. I would, it is true, be content with the independence of the South as a makeshift, if I absolutely must; but her future would be too precarious and contracted without the addition of the North, and therefore I, the Secessionist, am as good a Union man as you. But the Union which I wish is the old Union, and the development I wish is that organic development which your party destroyed. The natural expiration of that party is the condition of the development and continued supremacy of slavery—a condition on which alone the Union can have stability and a grand future. By our quarrel, we have for the first time learned the full extent of our strength. No power in the world will withstand us, if I, at the head of the two million soldiers who now are fighting each other, and master of a proportionate fleet, dictate law to the people of this Republic and to the whole continent. The paltry European monarchs, who think they can now withhold from me the favor of their recognition, shall tremble, after I have first secured my recognition this side the water. Mexico, Cuba, and the African slave-trade will be my first foreign aims; and so to the power that blocks my way to their accomplishment! In ten years, this Republic, founded now on the broadened basis of slavery, and strengthened by efficient precautions against the misuse of what the ideologists style freedom, will be the mistress of America and the arbiter of the world.

You, dear colleague, could now, to be sure, cross these vast schemes by a very simple means. You need merely with your iron-clad ships take Charleston, Mobile and Savannah, and land there an army with Generals A. Fremont, Hunter, Phelps, &c., for the instigation of the slaves; receive the blacks everywhere into the army; proclaim universal emancipation; and have every traitor seized by the throat. But even without my conjuring you, you will know how to avert such revolutionary attempts. If you do this, and the people of the North continue you at your post, I shall have no fear for the hereafter.

We shall meet again in Washington.

Your sincere friend, J. DAVIS.

## WHERE THE REAL BATTLE IS TO BE FIGHTED.

If the United States were at war with a foreign nation, can you doubt that the conflict would be "sharp, short, and decisive"? Our military leaders would not need the pressure of an impatient people to force them to advance. Strategy, which excuses incompetent generals for months of wasted time, millions of wasted money, and thousands of wasted lives, would be less popular. Celerity of action and vigorous severity would mark the conduct of the war. The swift-pouncing eagle, not the tardy tortoise, would be our emblem.

Acknowledging the truth of this, can thinking minds avoid the conclusion, that the policy of our Government, in its efforts to subdue the South, is radically wrong? Seventeen months have passed since the capture of Sumter. Though vastly superior in physical strength, pecuniary resources, and moral power, to the South, we have been wasted in the field, and the emptiness of our boast, that the rebellion would be "speedily crushed," made manifest. The end recedes as we advance. Not Richmond, but Washington, is in danger.

How much longer must we stumble along in this disheartening gloom, before the people will understand that the real battle which is to decide the future of the Republic is one of OPINION, and to be fought, not at the South, but at the North! Thus far, Slavery in arms has been triumphant, because Slavery, the guise of loyalty, has interposed to paralyze every blow aimed at rebellion. Senator Wilson stated the exact truth at the Fremont meeting—"The man who believes slavery to be right is a traitor." The difference between the Northern and the Southern traitor is the difference between the assassin and the soldier. The former stabs under the guise of friendship; the latter strikes without concealment, and with fair warning. Therefore, the first work is to expose and crush out treason in our midst. Every day of indecision and paltering on the part of the Government, adds strength to these allies of Jefferson Davis. Though numerically small, as compared with the great mass of loyal people, their influence is immense. Loud-mouthed and positive in their assertions, untiring in their efforts, and using the shibboleth of "the Constitution and the Union" to cloak their treacherable designs, they overawe the weak and the timid. Democratic pro-slavery earnestness is more than a match for Republican indifference.

Into the hands of these men our cause has been betrayed. The President, in his anxiety to avoid being partisan in his appointments, has given the control of our armies to generals who were his strongest opponents. In attempting to escape Scylla, he has rushed upon Charybdis. In his eyes, the record of a pro-slavery Democrat is a better passport to governmental favor than an anti-slavery life. It is an indisputable fact, that the men who were in fullest sympathy with the rebel chiefs, before treason rose in arms, are now mainly trusted with the conduct of the war. Can we wonder that the National cause is in disgrace, while halfhearted McClellan leads our armies, and brave, far-seeing Fremont is left without a command?

Let the people be vigilant in this trial-hour of our history. While the friends of freedom rest trustfully upon their arms, waiting for "the logic of events" to give us final victory, the enemies of the Republic work with unceasing vigor. In Massachusetts, the secession element is handing to prevent the reflection of CHARLES SUMNER. He is not deceived. Though professedly Republican papers, like the Boston Advertiser and the Springfield Republican, are howling in unison with the secession Confederates, and the movement has its origin in the hatred of free institutions. The absence of Sumner from the Senate Chamber, in these revolutionary times, would be a national calamity. The news of his defeat would be most welcome to Confederate ears, and every newspaper of doubtful loyalty in the Northern States would shout aloud its hosanna.

Before we can expect success, we must be as united for freedom as the South is for slavery. The shackles of the slave will never bind again the Union. We are fighting to build a glorious mansion for the future, not to revamp the decayed edifice that from its innate weakness has fallen upon us. Disaster is the natural consequence of an equivocal and contradictory policy. No wonder our attitude bewilders foreign nations!

"For us and land don't understand,  
Nor sky, without a frown,  
See rights for which the one hand fights,  
By the other clench is down."

The great heart of the North is right. It waits anxiously for the talismanic word of EMANCIPATION to be spoken by the President. Wait no longer. Patience has ceased to be a virtue. Freedom should be aggressive, not apologetic. When the people shall proclaim, in unmistakable terms, that the war must be fought on the single principle of universal liberty, treason in our midst will hide its diminished head, and our armies in the field march to certain and lasting victory.

## MR. DIXEY'S OPINION OF THE ABOLITIONISTS.

Till very lately—in fact, till the outbreak of the insurrection—to hold abolition opinions was to exclude yourself from society. It has been my good fortune in New England to see a good deal of the Abolitionist party, and I have never come across a set of people whom I admired and respected more. For the sake of principle, they have suffered social martyrdom. They have been excluded from office, from political distinction, and even from the courtesies of social life. I don't believe myself that persecution is good for any man, and I have little doubt that the Abolitionists have their minds to a certain extent warped by persecution. Every man's hand was against them, and therefore they had an irresistible sympathy with all isolated and unappreciated sects and doctrines. The churches, one and all, were against them, and so the Abolitionists have fallen away from the churches, and have thus lost in a great measure the religious world. Religion, I suspect, has suffered more than the Abolitionists by the separation, but still the Abolitionists have suffered also. The great cause of Abolition has been mixed up with, and discredited by, the distinct causes of Spiritualism and Non-Resistance and Women's Rights. Take Wm. Lloyd Garrison, for instance—as earnest and sincere a reformer, I believe, as the world has seen; yet the influence of his gallant life-long struggle against slavery has been nullified by the fact that he was also the avowed advocate of every one of the many "isms" which New England has given birth to. It is astonishing how little the leaders of the Abolitionist cause are known of in the own country. The other day, at a party I was present at, I heard a lady ask, in apparently good faith, and as far as I could judge, without any affectation, whether Mr. Garrison was not a negro; and the remark hardly seemed to cause astonishment. I was surprised, too, to find how many of the people I met, most of whom were staunch Republicans, had never heard Wendell Phillips lecture; yet, to my mind, of the whole Abolitionist phalanx, Wendell Phillips is the tower of strength. His friends say that he is the Aaron of the party, while Garrison has been the Moses. I may be so; but the words and voice which have stirred up the hearts of the New Englanders, for long years past, have been those of Phillips. What ever your opinions may be, I defy you to listen to that scathing, living eloquence of his, and not be carried away for the time at least. Most of us have a heart somewhere about us, and Wendell Phillips, more than any English orator I have ever heard, knows how to find the heart out, and work upon its chords.

Let me not be understood, by these remarks, to convey an impression that the influence of the Abolitionists has been small. It is to them, in great measure,—to their unceasing testimony as to the truth of the "higher law,"—that the existence of the Republican party is due. The last few months, too, have much altered their social and political position; they are no longer against the Union, but advocates of the Union. As the people became more and more convinced that the Abolitionist maxim is true, and the Union is incompatible with slavery, the bitter opponents of slavery became, in popular life, the friends of the Union. Indeed, the recent policy of the Abolitionists is explained, better than by any elaborate explanation, by a saying of Wendell Phillips. Some one asked him, how he, who had been preaching for years "that the Union was the fruit of slavery and of the devil," could be now the advocate of the Union? His answer was, "Yes; but I never expected then that slavery and the devil would secede from the Union." So it is. Secession has brought the Abolitionists and the Republicans into the same camp; but the Abolitionists are still a distant outpost, a sort of *avant garde* of the army of the Union.—From Macmillan's Magazine.

## ORPHEUS O. KERR'S LAST.

From the last letter of Orpheus C. Kerr we extract the following passage:—  
It is the "Union as it was" that we want, my boy, and those who have other articles to sell are hereby accused of being accused Abolitionists. I was talking the other day to a venerable Congressman from Maryland, who had just arrived to protest against the disturbance of mail facilities between Baltimore and the capital of the Southern Confederacy, and says he, "I have several friends who are Confederates, and they inform me they are perfectly willing to return to the Union as it was, in case they should fall in their present enterprise."

"If I thought," says the Congressman, hastily placing a lottery ticket in his vest pocket, "if I thought that this war was to be waged for the purpose of injuring the Southern Confederacy, rather than to restore the Union as it was, I should at once demand more mileage of the Government, and repeatedly inquire what had become of all the 'Wide-awakes.'"

As he uttered the last horrible threat, my boy, I was impressed with a sense of something darkly Democratic. Too many of the wide-awakes of the last campaign are indeed fast asleep now, when their country needs them. I saw one of them slumbering near Culpeper Court House last week. He was sleeping with his right arm twisted in the spokes of a disabled cannon wheel, and a small purple mark was on his right temple. But he was not alone in his forgetful slumber, my boy, for near him, and rigidly grasping his disengaged hand, was a Democrat, slumbering too!

The sight, I remember, rendered me so honestly indignant that I could not help pointing it out to the chaplain. The chaplain looked a moment at the Fusion Ticket before us.  
"They sleep for the Flag," says he softly, "and may it stars shed pleasant dreams upon their loyal souls forever!"

Orpheus has written many witty passages, but neither he nor any one else in this war has written a prettier thing than the closing passages of the above extract.

## THE SITUATION.

If anybody can inform us as to the situation of affairs on the Potomac, he can do more than we can. After Stonewall Jackson has attended to Maryland and Pennsylvania, he will visit New York, and may be prevailed upon to extend his tour to Boston. A Committee should be appointed at once to prepare an address, and to make suitable arrangements for the reception of this distinguished military hero. He could dine in Faneuil Hall, and have quarters provided for himself and staff at the Revere House, wine and cigars thrown in. While this is going on, it will be well for us to act strictly upon the defensive, and to conduct the war upon scientific principles, and in accordance with the dictates of the highest civilization.

Great care should be taken not to offend Jefferson Davis, as he intends soon to take possession of Washington, and to proclaim himself President of the new Confederacy. "Done at the city of Washington, in the year One of the new Confederacy, William L. Yancy, Secretary of State,"—with the great seal hereunto affixed January 1. In the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three. The address, already written, may be found below:—

## ADDRESS.

"To the People of my Kingdom, South and North:  
Whereas, It has pleased Divine Providence to crown the arms of my troops with victory; and, whereas, the slaveholding States have fully vindicated their superior power and bravery over the

outnumbered intruders, upon the field of battle, who dared to question our right and capacity to rule and govern this whole country; therefore, let it be known to all Jefferson Davis, by virtue of my power and in obedience to the expressed wishes of my faithful subjects in both sections of the nation, do hereby declare that the instrument known as the Constitution of the United States is hereby defined and repealed, and that I have caused a new order of things to be established on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, and will be doing matters in charge. The people in the slave States will be taxed to pay the expenses which they have imposed upon my loyal subjects in the invasion of my beloved South. Charles Sumner and Co. are hereby admonished that they had better not show their heads in this climate, unless they desire to become some famous martyrs in the annals of history as having died martyrs to the "one idea."

My faithful and pious friend, Stonewall Jackson, is appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Confederacy, and will be respected and obeyed accordingly.  
One hundred dollars will be paid to any white man who will return my runaway coachman who has betrayed my secrets."  
JEFFERSON DAVIS, President.  
—Boston Herald.

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

## A LEAF OF HISTORY.

The "concatenation of consecutive conquests" achieved by military genius in Virginia finds its reflection in this agreeable lyric, which comes to us from a profound believer in

## STRATEGY.

Since war is a trade by generals made,  
To puzzle the shrewdest of foes,  
'Tis not very strange its moves should derange  
The scent of the multitude's nose.  
Let those who suspect a trifling defect  
Somewhere in our national plan,  
Consider once more, as never before,  
Our gains since the fighting began.  
From fight Number One, at storied Ball Blun,  
Our army demoralized fled,  
When Abbe had the grace instantly to place  
Our own "little Mac" at its head;

Who sent it to drill, and gave it a fill  
Of trenching, parades and reviews;  
And deeming it wise to reorganize,  
All challenge to strife did refuse.

He stayed in one spot, cold weather or hot,  
Till those who the people did cry,  
Quite blind to his plan, not